

H Y M N S.

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Luke 11. 37-54
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42. 11. 37-54
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Grace after a meal

O. Lord, for this our daily food -
accept our praise & gratitude
And add through our Redeemer's grace
Thine blessings which shall never
cease

H Y M N S



FOR

FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

"Come, let us join, our Lord to praise,
Whose mercy knows no end ;
To Him our cheerful voices raise,
Our Father and our Friend."

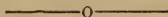
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Part first.

CHILDREN'S HYMNS.

1

FATHER! I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me;
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thankful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes,
And a heart at leisure from itself
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be dealt with as a child
And guided where to go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate ;
I have a fellowship with hearts,
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of holy love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the daily strength
To none that ask, denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side ;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more,
With grateful love to Thee ;
More careful than to serve Thee much,
To please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care ;
There is a crook in every lot,
And a need for earnest prayer ;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee,
Is happy everywhere.

In a service that Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children "free."
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

2

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword in the hour of death,
He enters Heaven with prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, "Behold! he prays."

In prayer, on earth the saints are one,
In word, in deed, in mind,
When with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

3

✓ GO when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly thought away,
And in thy closet kneeling
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness
A blessing humbly claim,
And blend with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach His throne of glory
Where dwells eternal love

Oh not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The grace our Father gives us
To pour our souls in prayer.
Whene'er thou art in sadness
Before His footstool fall,
Remember too in gladness
His love who gave thee all.

4

THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.

In our sickness or our health,
In our want or in our wealth ;
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present everywhere.

When our earthly comforts fail,
When the foes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present everywhere.

Then, my soul, in every strait,
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer ;
God is present everywhere.

5

AMAZING grace ! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me !
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved ;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed !

Through many dangers, toils, and snares
I have already come ;
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

6

✓ IT is good when we lay on the pillow our head,
And the silence of night all around us is spread,
To reflect on the deeds we have done in the day,
Nor allow it to pass without profit away.

A day— what a trifle—and yet the amount,
Of the days we have passed, forms an awful account;
And the time may arrive, when the world we would
 give,
Were it ours, might we have but another to live.

In whose service have we, through the day been employed,
And what are the pleasures we mostly enjoyed?
Our desires and our wishes, to what did they tend—
To the world we are in, or the world without end?

Hath the sense of His presence encompassed us round,
Without whom not a sparrow can fall to the ground?
Have our hearts turned to Him with devotion most
 true,
Or been occupied only by things that we view?

Have we often reflected how soon we must go,
To the mansions of bliss, or the regions of woe?
Have we felt unto God a repentance sincere,
And in faith to the Saviour of sinners drawn near?

Let us thus, with ourselves, solemn conference hold,
Ere sleep's silken mantle our senses enfold;
And forgiveness implore for the sins of the day,
Nor allow them to pass unrepented away.

7

ERE the morning's busy ray
 Call you to your work away;
Ere the silent evening close
 Your wearied eyes in sweet repose;
To lift your heart and voice in prayer
 Be your first and latest care.

He to whom the prayer is due,
From heaven, His throne, shall smile on you;
Angels sent by Him shall tend,
Your daily labor to befriend,
And their nightly vigils keep,
To guard you in the hour of sleep.

8

GOD *alone* can teach His children
By His Spirit, how to pray,
Knows our wants and gives the knowledge
What to ask and what to say.

When a child wants food and raiment,
Why not ask his parents dear?
Ask in faith then—God's our Father,
He's at hand and He will hear.

Prayer's an easy, simple duty,
'Tis the language of the soul;
Grace demands it, grace receives it,
Grace must reign above the whole.

Every heart should be a temple,
God should dwell our hearts within;
Every day should be a Sabbath,
Every hour redeemed from sin.

Every place a place of worship,
Every time a time of prayer,
Every sigh should rise to heaven,
Every wish should centre there.

Heartfelt sighs and heaven-born wishes,
Or the poor uplifted eye ;
These are prayers that God will answer,
They ascend His throne on high.

Spirit of prayer ! be *thou* the portion
Of all those who wait on Thee,
Help us ! shield us ! lead us ! guide us !
Thine the praise, the glory be !

9

I'M but a traveller here,
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home.
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Father land,
Heaven is my home.

What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home.
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last,
Heaven is my home.

What though the world allure,
Heaven is my home.
Still is the promise sure,
Heaven is my home.
Steadfast by faith I see
Him who on Calvary
Purchased this bliss for me,
Heaven is my home.

Peace, Oh my troubled soul,
Heaven is my home.
I soon shall reach the goal,
Heaven is my home.
Swiftly the race I'll run,
Yield up my crown to none,
Forward, the prize is won,
Heaven is my home.

There at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home,
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home.
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,
Heaven is my home.

10

WE speak of the realms of the blest;
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

We speak of its service of love;
The robes which the glorified wear;
The church of the first-born above;
But what must it be to be there!

Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure and woe,
Still for heaven our spirits prepare;
And shortly we also shall know
And feel what it is to be there.

11

OH Heaven is nearer than mortals think
When they gaze with trembling dread,
On the misty future that stretches on
To the silent home of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle on a boundless main,
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the loved ones who have passed away
Must go, to return no more.

Oh, Heaven is near, but the heavy veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we see not clearly the angel band
On the shores of Eternity.

Yet oft in the hour of holy thought
To the thirsty soul is given,
The power to look thro' the mists of earth
To the glorious scenes of heaven.

Then very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall,
Till the soul is weary to soar away,
And longs for the angel call.

Yes know, when the silver cord is loosed,
And the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark will the passage be
To the realms of endless day.

The eyes that shut in the dying hour
Will open the next in bliss,
The welcome will sound in the heavenly home
Ere the farewell is hushed in this.

We shall go from the clasp of mourning friends
To the arms of the loved and blest,
And the smiling faces will greet us there
That on earth we valued best.

12

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

13

WE' LL not give up the Bible,
God's holy Book of truth;
The blessed staff of hoary age,
The guide of early youth,
The sun that sheds a glorious light
O'er every dreary road,
The voice that speaks a Saviour's love,
And calls us home to God.

We'll not give up the Bible,
For pleasure nor for pain;
We'll buy the truth and sell it not,
For all that we might gain:
Though man should try to take our prize
By guile or cruel might,
We'll suffer all that man could do,
And God defend the right.

We'll not give up the Bible,
But spread it far and wide,
Until its saving voice be heard
Beyond the rolling tide:
Till all shall know its gracious power,
And with one voice and heart,
Resolve that from God's written word
We'll never, never part!

14

HOLY Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine to tell me whence I came;
Mine to teach me what I am.

Mine to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.

Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith,
Man can triumph over death.

Mine, to tell of joys to come
And the rebel sinner's doom:
O thou precious book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!

15

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horison adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine ?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean ;
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
Vainly with gold would His favors secure :
Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid !
Star of the east, the horison adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

16

'TIS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love the Lord or no ?
Am I His, or am I not ?

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviours love?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain and wild,
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

Lord, decide the doubtful case,
Thou who art thy people's sun;
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

17

TEACHERS.

COME ye children and adore Him,
* Lord of all He reigns above,
Come and worship now before Him,
He hath call'd you by his love;
He will grant you every blessing,
Of His all-abounding grace,
Come with humble hearts expressing,
All your gratitude and praise.

CHILDREN.

On this holy day of gladness
We will join in praises meet,
Every bosom free from sadness,
All with happiness replete;
Oh, to feel the love of Jesus,
Oh, to know that from above
Still our heavenly Father sees us,
With an eye of tender love.

TEACHERS.

Dearest children, now adore Him,
Swell aloud the joyful strain,
Let the nations bow before Him,
Echo back the notes again;
While He will accept the praises,
E'en from every heart and tongue,
Those to Him an infant raises,
Still are sweetest of the song.

CHILDREN.

Lord of all, our hearts oblation
Now ascends to Thee alone,
We would come with all the nation,
Now to worship at the throne.
Teachers, will you join the chorus,
Join in hymning forth his praise,
Who for our redemption shows us
All the riches of his grace?

TEACHERS AND CHILDREN.

Praise to Thee, O Lord, for ever,
Gladly now we all unite,
Praise to Thee, O God, the giver,
Blessed Lord of life and light.
Ransom'd nation, spread the story,
Rescued people, ne'er give o'er,
All His grace and all His glory,
Oh, proclaim for evermore.

18

✓ ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend,
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed His blood,
But this Saviour died to have us
Reconciled in Him to God.

When He lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was His name,
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.

Oh, for grace our hearts to soften,
Teach us, Lord, at length to love,
We, alas, forget too often,
What a Friend we have above.

19

COUNT not the days that have idly flown,
The years that were vainly spent,
Nor speak of the hours thou must blush to own,
When thy spirit stands before the throne,
To account for the talents lent.

But number the hours redeemed from sin,
The moments employed for heaven;
O few and evil thy days have been,
Thy life, a toilsome, worthless scene,
For a nobler purpose given.

Will the shade go back on thy dial plate?
Will the sun stand still on his way?
Both hasten on; and thy spirit's fate
Rests on the points of life's little date;
Then live, while 'tis called to-day.

Life's waning hours, like the Sibyl's page,
As they lessen, in value rise;
O rouse thee, and live! nor deem that man's age
Stands in the length of his pilgrimage,
But in the days that are truly wise.

20

THOUGH troubles assail and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us,—whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us, "The Lord will provide".

The birds without barn or store-house are fed—
From them let us learn to trust for our bread,
His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, "The Lord will provide."

We may, like the ships, by tempests be tossed
On perilous deeps, but cannot be lost;
Though Satan enrages the wind and the tide,
This promise engages, the Lord will provide.

His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold;
For though we are strangers, we have a good guide,
And trust, in all dangers, the Lord will provide.

When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fill us with fears, we triumph by faith;—
He cannot take from us, though oft he has tried,
This heart-cheering promise, the Lord will provide.

When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of his grace will carry us through;
No fearing or doubting with Christ on our side,
We hope to die trusting the Lord will provide.

21

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is
streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor sailors to cherish
They fly to their Master, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the poor sinner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we
perish."

And, oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our heart its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer, "Save, Lord, or we perish."

22

The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in good pastures, safe folded to rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear,
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured, my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy Providence more.

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God !
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above ;
I seek—by the path, which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn—Thy kingdom
of love.

23

Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
His grace to thee proclaim,
And all that is within me join,
To bless His holy name.

Oh bless the Lord, my soul,
His mercies bear in mind,
Forget not all his benefits,
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide,
He will with patience wait,
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath,
He healeth thy infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless His holy name,
Whose grace has made thee whole,
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days,
Oh, bless the Lord, my soul.

24

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord,
In the highest heavens adored,
Author of all nature's frame:
Father, hallowed be Thy name!

Though estranged from Thee in heart,
Doubtless Thou our Father art:
From Thy hand our spirits came:
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Nor by nature's tie alone
Thou art as our Father known:
Nearer now in Christ our claim:
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Born anew, oh, may we feel
Filial love, the Spirit's seal;
Cleansed from guilt, redeemed from shame,
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

Whether then in want or wealth,
Joy or sorrow, pain or health,
Still our prayer shall be the same
Father, hallowed be Thy name.

25

11 . FOR His dear sake who said
"Let children come to me,"
My Father, I would tread
The path that leads to Thee!
Lord! teach me day by day;
For, if by Thee untaught,
I know not how to pray,
Or praise Thee as I ought!

Not only to the field
Of waving, golden grain,
The skies are bid to yield
The sunbeams and the rain,
But to the frailest flower
That droops upon the sod;
So let Thy Spirit's power
Descend on me, O God!

Not only do the good
And fruitful orchard trees,
But e'en the seedling bud,
Receive the living breeze;
Thus breathe within my heart,
And let Thy Spirit's breath
Its life to me impart,
And save my soul from death!

From e'en the smallest sin,
My Father, set me free,
That I may now begin
A life of praise to Thee;

O wash me white as snow,
In my Redeemer's blood,
That all my heart may glow
With love to Thee, O God!

By Thy own Spirit's light
Make me Thy will to know,
And by Thy Spirit's might
Aid me Thy will to do!
Thus, Father, may I tread
The path that leads to Thee,
For His dear sake who said.
"Let children come to me!"

26

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall:
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, (bright gifts from Heaven,)
Joys are sent thee here below:
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow :
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begins again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or with parting hours despond !
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
Reaching Heaven ; but one by one
Take them lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

27

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light,
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

• Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God, when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply ;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below :
Praise Him above, angelic host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :

28

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.

Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner;
Be the Lord my righteousness.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

29

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

O how benevolent and kind,
How mild, how ready to forgive :
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

To do His heavenly Father's will
Was His employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through His life divinely bright.

Dispensing good wheree'r He came,
The labors of His life were love ;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By His example let us move.

But, ah, how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside ;
Lord, we depend upon Thy care ;
We ask Thy Spirit for our guide.

Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us, by Thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like Thee.

30

✓ ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and power.

Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

31

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high :

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide ;
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me :

All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my hope from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing,

32

HOW loving is Jesus, who came from the sky,
In tenderest pity for sinners to die!
His hands and His feet were nail'd to the tree,
And all this He suffered for sinners like me.
How gladly does Jesus free pardon impart
To all who receive Him by faith in their heart!
No evil befalls them, their home is above,
And Jesus throws round them the arms of His love.

How precious is Jesus to all who believe!
And out of His fulness what grace they receive!
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.
Oh give then, to Jesus your earliest days;
They only are blessed, who walk in His ways:
In life and in death He will still be their friend;
For those whom He loves, He will love to the end.

33

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner!
Christian, God speed thee!
Let loose the rudder bands—
Good angels lead thee!

Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come;
Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian, steer home!

Look to the weather-bow,
 Breakers are round thee;
Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
Reef in the foresail, there!
 Hold the helm fast!
So—let the vessel wear—
 There swept the blast.

“What of the night, watchman?
 What of the night?”
“Cloudy—all quiet—
 No land yet—all’s right!”
Be wakeful, be vigilant—
 Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
 Securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast?
 Clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise,
 Heave out thy gold:—
There—let the ingots go—
 Now the ship rights;
Hurra! the harbor’s near—
 Lo the red lights!

Slacken not sail yet
At inlet or island;
Straight for the beacon steer,
Straight for the highland;
Crowd all thy canvas on,
Cut through the foam—
Christian! cast anchor now—
Heaven is thy home!

34

GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear me from Thy throne above;
Teach me now in truth to pray,
Take my *sinful* heart away.

Often I offend Thee, Lord,
I neglect Thy written word;
Break Thy blessed Sabbath day—
Take my *rebel* heart away.

When my friends and teachers kind
Bid me their instructions mind,
Then I talk or idly play—
Take my *careless* heart away.

Oft I disobedient grow,
And ungrateful tempers show;
Evil things I do and say—
Take my *wicked* heart away.

When of Jesus' love I'm told,
My heart how very dull and cold,
Oh! to me that love display—
Take my *stony* heart away.

Mould my nature all afresh,
Give to me the "heart of flesh,"
For I know that grace divine
Changes even hearts like mine.

35

THE Sabbath sun was setting slow,
Amidst the clouds of even;
"Our Father" breathed a voice below,
"Father, who art in heaven!"

Beyond the earth—beyond the cloud—
Those infant words were given;
"Our Father," angels sang aloud—
"Father, who art in heaven!"

"Thy kingdom come" still from the ground,
That child-like voice did pray;
"Thy kingdom come," God's hosts resound,
Far up the starry way!

"Thy will be done," with little tongue,
That lisping love implores;
"Thy will be done," the angelic throng,
Sing from seraphic shores!

"For ever" still those lips repeat
Their closing evening prayer;
"For ever," floats in music sweet—
High midst the angels there!

Thine be the glory evermore,
From Thee may man ne'er sever;
But every Christian land adore
Jehovah!—God!—for ever!

36

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
All around, and all above,
Hath this record, God is love.

Sounds among the vales and hills,
In the woods, and by the rills,
All these songs, beneath, above,
Have one burthen, God is love.

All the charities that start
From the fountains of the heart,
These are voices from above,
Sweetly whispering, God is love.

Earth, with her ten thousand flowers,
Air, with all its beams and showers,
All are voices from above,
Loudly sounding, God is love.

37

ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be ;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the jasper sea.

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down ;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dim and unknown stream
That leads me at last to the light,

Saviour, perfect my trust,
Strengthen the might of my faith,
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death :

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink,
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now, than I think.

38

JESUS! the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall, how kind Thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? ah! this
Nor pen nor tongue can show:
The love of Jesus what it is,
None but His loved ones know.

Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our Glory now,
And through eternity.

39

TELL me not in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
And the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.—

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

40

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee:
No price is demanded, the Saviour is near,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.—

Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day ;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

Delay not, delay not ; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take His sad flight ;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race—
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

Delay not, delay not ; the hour is at hand ;
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade ;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand ;
What power then, sinner, shall lend thee its aid ?

41

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, and waiting not,
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can wash each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come !

Just as I am, though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within and fears without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am,—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because Thy promise I believe,—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, Thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be Thine, and Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

42

ALL around thee, fair with flowers,
Fields of beauty sleeping lie;
All around thee clarion voices
Call to duty stern and high.

Be thou thankful, and rejoice in
All the beauty God hath given;
But beware it doth not win thee
From the work ordained by heaven—

To remove the wide-spread darkness,
That the light of truth may shine;
To recall the child of error
To Jehovah's holy shrine—

To unbind the iron fetter
Of the maimed and wretched slave;
To uplift the long degraded,
Sin's abandoned victim save—

To encourage suffering virtue,
Lest despairing it should die;
And the light of hope rekindle
In the dark and vacant eye—

Cheerfully of thine abundance
To the sick and poor impart;
And lift up the weight of sorrow
From the crushed and burdened heart.

This the work ordained of heaven,
This is thine, and this for all;
Oh, be faithful, ever ready
To obey the heavenly call.

Follow every voice of mercy
With a trusting, loving heart;
And in all life's earnest labor,
Be thou sure to do thy part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Work, oh! work with all thy might;
Lest the weary faint, and perish
In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
Lest before to-morrow's sun
Thou, too, mournfully departing,
Shalt have left thy work undone.

43

HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

CHORUS.

I do believe I now believe,
That Jesus died for me,
And through His blood, His precious blood,
I shall from sin be free.

44

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

45

COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come seek His face, and taste His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring,
Ye children, great and small,
Hosanna sing to Christ your King,
O crown Him Lord of all.

This Jesus will your sins forgive,
O haste! before Him fall;
For you He died, that you might live
To Crown Him Lord of all.

Let every people, every tribe,
Around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

All hail, the Saviour, Prince of peace,
Let saints before Him fall;
Let sinners seek His pardoning grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

46

GOD is love, His mercy brightens
All the path in which we move;
Bliss He grants, and woe He lightens,
God is light, and God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay, and ages move;
But His mercy waneth never;
God is light, and God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
His unchanging goodness proves;
From the mist His brightness streameth,
God is light, and God is love.

He our earthly cares entwineth
With His comforts from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is light, and God is love.

47

HOW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest;
The day of the week which I surely love best;
The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.

Oh let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
And not spend a minute in trifling or play;
Remembering these seasons were graciously given
To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.

In the house of my God, in His presence and fear,
When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere;
In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
And be grateful to those who watch over me there.

Instruct me, my Saviour; a child though I be,
I am not too young to be noticed by Thee;
Renew Thou my heart, keep me firm in Thy ways,
I would love Thee, and serve Thee and give Thee
the praise.

48

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends Thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

49

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat,
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy seat.

There—there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy seat.

50

WHEN we cannot see our way,
Let us trust, and still obey;
He who bids us forward go;
Cannot fail the way to show.

Though the sea be deep and wide,
Though a passage seem denied;
Fearless let us still proceed,
Since the Lord vouchsafes to lead.

Though it seems the gloom of night,
Though we see no ray of light;
Since the Lord Himself is there,
'Tis not meet that we should fear.

Night with Him is never night,
Where He is, there all is light;
When He calls us, why delay?
They are happy who obey.

Be it ours, then, while we're here,
Him to follow without fear!
Where He calls us, there to go,
What He bids us, that to do.

51

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend!
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend,
That Thou wilt plead for me.

When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust Thy grace,
Then, Saviour, plead for me.

When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from Thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimm'ring, guiding ray,
Still, Saviour, plead for me.

When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh! plead for me.

And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt, and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

When the full light of heavenly day,
Reveals my sins in dread array,
Say Thou hast washed them all away,—
Oh! say Thou plead'st for me!

52

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

53

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds you so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His works in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

54

TRUE faith, produces love to God and man,
Say, echo, is not this the gospel plan?
The Gospel plan!

Must I my faith and love to Jesus show
By doing good to all, both friend and foe?
Both friend and foe!

But if a brother hates and treats me ill,
Must I return him good, and love him still?
Love him still!

If he my failings watches to reveal,
Must I his faults as carefully conceal?
Carefully conceal!

But if my name and character he blast,
And cruel malice, too, a long time last;
And if I sorrow and affliction know,
He loves to add unto my cup of woe;
In this uncommon, this peculiar case,
Sweet echo, say, must I still love and bless?
Still love and bless!

Whatever usage ill I may receive,
Must I be patient still, and still forgive?
And still forgive!

Why echo, how is this? thou'rt sure a dove!
Thy voice shall teach me nothing else but love,
Nothing else but love!

Amen! with all my heart—then be it so;
'Tis all delightful, just, and good, I know,
And now to practice I'll directly go,—
Directly go!

Things being so, whoever me reject,
My gracious Lord will surely me protect?
Surely will protect!

Henceforth I'll roll on Him my every care,
And then both friend and foe embrace in prayer.
Embrace in prayer!

But after all these duties I have done,
Must I all point of merit then disown,
And trust for heaven through Jesus' blood alone?
Through Jesus' blood alone!

55

BREAST the wave, Christian,
When it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian,
When the night's longest,
Onward, and onward still
Be thine endeavor,
The rest that remaineth
Shall be forever.

Fight the fight, Christian,
Jesus is o'er thee,—
Run the race, Christian,
Heaven is before thee.
He that hath promised
Flattereth never—
The love that He giveth
He giveth forever.

Lift the eye, Christian,
Just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian,
Ere it reposeth.
Thee from the love of Christ
Nothing shall sever,
Mount when thy work is done,—
Praise Him forever.

56

REMEMBER thy Creator,
While youth's fair spring is bright ;
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night ;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

Remember thy Creator
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust ;
Before with God who gave it
Thy spirit shall appear ;
He cries, who died to save it,
Thy great Creator fear.

57

BEHOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and Thy love ;
I ask to serve Thee here below,
And reign with Thee above.

Teach me to live by faith ;
Conform my will to Thine ;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

If Thou these blessings give,
And wilt my portion be,
All worldly joys I'll cheerful leave,
And find my heaven in Thee.

58

CHILDREN ! listen to the Lord,
And obey His gracious word ;
Seek His face with heart and mind—
Early seek, and you shall find.

Let His love your heart inflame :
Be His praise your highest aim ;
Keep His fear before your sight :
Be His smile your chief delight.

Serve the Lord with perfect heart ;
Never from His ways depart ;
Glorify the King of kings,
Take the peace the gospel brings.

Turn to Christ your longing eyes,
View this bleeding sacrifice ;
See, in Him, your sins forgiven,
Pardon, holiness, and heaven.

59

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us :
Much we need Thy tender care ;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.

We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way ;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.

Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be ;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.

Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Holy Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy grace our bosom fill.
Blessed Jesus!

60

JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star!
He sheds His beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Till then,—nor is my boasting vain,—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
And, oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

61

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shall be.
Perish every fond ambition;
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own.

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too,
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue;
And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me—
Show Thy face and all is bright.

Go, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain;
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favor loss is gain.
I have called Thee Abba Father,
I have set my heart on Thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh, 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me,
Oh, 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with Thee.

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven canst thou repine?

Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

62

MY God, my Father, whilst I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
Thy will be done!

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
May I be still and murmur not;
But breathe the prayer that thou hast taught,
Thy will be done!

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends belov'd no longer nigh,
Submissive still I would reply,
Thy will be done!

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine:
I only yield Thee what is Thine,
Thy will be done!

Should pining sickness waste away
My strength in premature decay,
My Father still I'll strive to say,
Thy will be done!

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
Thy will be done!

Then when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing upon a happier shore,
Thy will be done!

63

WHEN Jesus left His heavenly home
He chose an humble birth;
Like us unhonored and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

Like Him may we be found below,
In wisdom's path of peace;
Like Him in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

Sweet were His words and kind His look
When mothers round Him pressed;
Their infants in His arms He took,
And on His bosom blessed.

Safe from the world's alluring charms
Beneath His watchful eye;
O, thus encircled in His arms
May we forever lie.

64

ZION the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly His birth;
The highest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns upon earth.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!

Tell how He cometh ; from nation to nation,
The heart cheering news let the earth echo round,
How free to the faithful He offers salvation,
How His people with joy everlasting are crowned.

CHORUS.

Mortals your homage be gratefully bringing
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise ;
Ye angels the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resounds thro' the earth and the skies.

CHORUS.

65

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark and friends are few,
On Him I lean who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do ;
Still He who felt temptation's power,
Will guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well;
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And sore disnayed, my spirit dies;
Yet, He, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

66

WHEN marshall'd on the mighty plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark, hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forbodings cease;
And, through the storm and dangers thrall
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moor'd—my perils o'er—
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem.

67

PILGRIM on the road to glory,
Pressing towards the heavenly prize,
Mid the ills that now annoy thee,
Mid the dangers that arise;
When thy way is dark and dreary,
Rugged, filled with loud alarms,
When perplexed, exhausted, weary,
Trust the everlasting Arms.

When the waves of trouble heighten,
When the billows fiercely foam,
All thou seest conspires to frighten,
Friends and helpers fail to come ;
When of human aid despairing,
And no voice the tempest calms,
Think of this, that underneath thee
Are the everlasting Arms.

When corroding cares oppress thee,
When the tempter's doubts assail,
When thy inward foes distress thee,
When they threaten to prevail ;
When thou fear'st the thoughts of yielding,
When thou d'st rather die than sin,
When thy hopes seem just expiring,
Everlasting Arms sustain.

And when all below is closing,
When thou tread'st the briny flood ;
When thou feel'st the waters rising,
Thou shalt find the promise good.
Timid Christian venture onward,
Bid farewell to all alarms,
'Tis enough that underneath thee
Are the everlasting Arms.

68

I OFTEN say my prayers,
But do I ever pray ?
Or do the wishes of my heart
Dictate the words I say ?

'T is useless to implore
Unless I feel the need,
Unless 't is from a sense of want
That all my prayers proceed.

I may as well kneel down
And worship wood and stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

Lord! teach me what I want,
And teach me how to pray;
Nor let me e'er implore Thy grace
Not feeling what I say.

69

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

70

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender cares bestow'd;
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful Friend
Has doubled all my store.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise,
For O eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

71

IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

CHORUS.

There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
There is rest for the weary, &c.

Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
There is rest &c.

Sing, oh, sing ye heirs of glory;
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You will find an entrance through.
There is rest &c.

72

GENTLY, Lord, O gently lead us
Through this lowly vale of tears;
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O, refresh us—
O refresh us with Thy grace.

Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says He'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful,
To perform His gracious word.

O that I could now adore Him
Like the heavenly host above—
Who forever bow before Him,
And unceasing sing His love.
Happy songsters,
When shall I your chorus join?

73

AND was my Saviour once a child,
A little child like me?
And was He humble, meek, and mild,
As little ones should be?

Oh! Why did not the Son of God
Come as an angel bright?
And why not leave His fair abode
To come with power and might?

Because He came not here to reign,
As sovereigns here below;
He came to save our souls from sin,
Whence all our sorrows flow.

And did that Son of God most high,
Consent a man to be?
And did that blessed Saviour die
Upon the cross for me?

And did my Saviour freely give,
His life for sinful men?
What! did He die that we might live?
Oh, how He loved us then!

74

OH Father, bless a little child,
And in my early youth
Give me a spirit good and mild,
A soul to love the truth.

May never falsehood in my heart
Or in my words abide,
But may I act the truthful part
Whatever may betide.

When for some little insult given,
My angry passions rise,
I'll think how Jesus came from heaven,
And bore His injuries.

Dear Father, may I learn from Him
My temper to amend,
And walking in humility,
May peace my steps attend.

75

JESUS see a little child.
Humbly at Thy footstool stay;
Thou who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.

Though Thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour, guide us by Thy grace."

Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In Thy holy footsteps run.

Jesus all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart,
For Thy glory may I live,
Then be with Thee where Thou art.

76

GOD is in heaven—can He hear
A feeble prayer like mine?
Yes, little child, thou need'st not fear,
He listeneth to thine.

God is in heaven—can He see
When I am doing wrong?
Yes that He can—He looks at thee
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven—would He know
If I should tell a lie?
Yes, if thou saidst it very low,
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven—can I go
To thank Him for His care?
Not yet—but love Him here below,
And thou shalt praise Him there.

77

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day;
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let His praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye.

Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun
We reign for aye.

78

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How He called little children, as lambs, to His fold,
I should like to have been with Him then;

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He
said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me."

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share of His love,
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,—

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven ;
And many dear children are gathering there,
“For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

But thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home ;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blessed.

79

LORD, teach a little child to pray ;
Thy grace betimes impart ;
And grant Thy Holy Spirit may
Renew my sinful heart.

A fallen creature I was born,
And from my birth I strayed :
I must be wretched and forlorn
Without Thy mercy's aid.

But Christ can all my sins forgive,
And wash away their stain ;
Can fit my soul with Him to live,
And in His kingdom reign.

To Him let little children come,
For He hath said they may ;
His bosom then shall be their home,
Their tears He'll wipe away.

For all who early seek His face
Shall surely taste His love ;
Jesus shall guide them by His grace
To dwell with Him above.

80

WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word He spoke,
How much did he rejoice ?
Oh blessed happy child ! to find
The God of heaven so mild and kind.

If God would speak to me,
And say He was my friend,
How happy I should be !
Oh how would I attend !
The smallest sin I then should fear,
If God Almighty were so near.

And does He never speak !
Oh yes, His written word
Bids me to come and seek,
The God whom Samuel heard ;
In almost every page I see,
The God of Samuel calls to me.

And I beneath His care
May safely rest my head ;
I know that God is there,
To guard my humble bed ;
And every sin I may well fear,
Since God Almighty is so near.

Like Samuel, let me say,
Whene'er I read His word,
" Speak, Lord ; I would obey
The voice that Samuel heard !"
And when I in Thy house appear,
Speak, for Thy servant waits to hear.

81

GREAT Shepherd of the sheep,
Who all Thy flock doth keep,
 Leading by waters calm,
Do Thou my footsteps guide
To follow by Thy side,
 Make me Thy little lamb.

I fear I may be torn
By many a sharp-set thorn,
 As far from Thee I stray;
My weary feet may bleed,
For rough are paths which lead
 Out of Thy pleasant way.

But when the road is long,
Thy tender arm, and strong
 The weary one will bear;
And Thou wilt wash me clean,
And lead to pastures green,
 Where all the flowers are fair.

'Till, from the soil of sin
Cleansed and made pure within,
 Dear Saviour, whose I am,
Thou bringest me in love,
To Thy sweet fold above,
 A little snow-white lamb.

82

LITTLE schoolmates can you tell
Who has kept us safe and well
Through the watches of the night,
Brought us safe to see the light?

Yes, it is our God doth keep
Little children while they sleep;
He has kept us safe from harm,
Shelter'd by His powerful arm.

Can you tell who gives us food,
Clothes and homes and parents good,
Schoolmates dear and teachers kind,
Useful books and active mind?

Yes! our heavenly Father's care
Gives us all we eat and wear;
All our books and all our friends
God, in kindness, to us sends.

Oh, then let us thankful be
For His mercies large and free;
Every morning let us raise
Our young voices in His praise.

83

CHILDREN do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
Are you careful day by day,
Not to give offence by actions,
Or by anything you say?

Little children love each other,
Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other—
Never mar another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy
And you will yourselves be blest.

84

WHO are sowing? Who are sowing?
These young children now at play;
And the scattered seeds are growing
Night by night and day by day:
Some with fruitful grain are shooting,
Some will only weeds produce,
Which alas! will need uprooting,
Ere the soil be fit for use.

Who are sowing? those just leaving
Childhood and its sports behind;
Hearts with golden visions heaving,
Are they sowing to the wind?
If they toil, on Christ relying,
If His glory be their aim,
They may hope with hope undying,
They shall reap eternal gain.

Who are sowing? Those expending
Manhood's years for objects vain;
Earth beyond, no thoughts extending,
What shall be their future gain?
Who are sowing? Those still clinging
To the dregs of life misspent;
Tares around their footsteps springing,
Earnest of their end present.

Who are sowing? Who are sowing?
Children, manhood, youth and age,
And the scattered seeds are growing,
Putting forth at every stage;
All along life's pathway springing,
Bearing fruit, or flower, or weed,
On the air their odor flinging,
Either for our bane or need.

Soon will dawn the day of reaping,
Soon the gathering time will come,
When each seed its promise keeping,
All shall bear their harvest home.

85

LITTLE travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest—
There to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crown His followers win.
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in!

Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?
"I from Greenland's frozen strand,"
"I from India's sultry plain,"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"
"I from Islands of the main."

"All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portals of the sky."
Each the welcome "come" awaits,
Conquerors o'er death and sin.
Lift your heads ye golden gates!
Let the little travellers in.

86

Ever would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,—
Truth in every word and look.

How when children came He blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms and pressed them
To His heart with words of love.

How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and His own.

How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart;
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the dart from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new;
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.

How the flock He gently leadeth,
Which His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He kindly spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love, adore Thee,
Blest in Thee mid joy or woe.

87

JESUS, tender Shepherd, hear me!
Bless a little child to-night;
Through the darkness be Thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warm'd me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

88

WHO showed the little ant the way
Her narrow hole to bore,
And spend the pleasant summer day
In laying up her store?

The sparrow builds her skilful nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss ;
Who told her how to weave it best
And lay the twigs across ?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers,
And lay his store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours ?

'T was God who show'd them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children if they pray,
To do His holy will.

89

YEA, fear not, fear not, little ones ;
There is in heaven an Eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
On all the paths ye try.

'T is He who guides the sparrow's wing,
And guards her little brood ;
Who hears the ravens when they cry,
And fills them all with food.

'T is He who clothes the fields with flowers,
And pours the light abroad ;
'T is He who numbers all your hours,
Your Father and your God.

Ye are the chosen of His love,
His most peculiar care;
And will He guide the fluttering dove,
And not regard your prayer?

Nay, fear not, fear not, little ones;
There is in heaven an Eye
That looks with yearning fondness down
On all the paths you try.

He'll keep you when the storm is wild,
And when the flood is near;
Oh trust Him, trust Him as a child,
And you have naught to fear.

90

GENTLE Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

Fain I would to Thee be brought;
Gracious God forbid it not;
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place.

Oh supply my every want,
Feed the young and tender plant;
Day and night my keeper be,
Every moment watch o'er me.

91

UP and doing, little Christian,
Up and doing while 't is day;
Do the work the Master gives you,
Do not loiter by the way;
For we all have work before us,
You, dear child, as well as I;
Let us seek to learn our duty,
And perform it cheerfully.

Up and doing, little Christian,
Gentle be and ever kind;
Helpful to thy loving mother,
E'en her slightest wishes mind:
Let the little children love you
For your care, and harmless play;
And the feeble and more wilful,
Help them by your kindly way.

92

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in distant lands.

93

I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise Him day and night.

I never should be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But, blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise Him both day and night.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O send a shining angel,
To bear me to the sky.

Oh then I'll be an angel,
And with the angels stand;
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

94

POOR and needy though I be,
God Almighty cares for me;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food—
Gives me all I have of good.

He will hear me when I pray,
He is with me night and day,
When I sleep and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.

He who reigns above the sky,
Once became as poor as I;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay His head.

Though I labor here a while,
Father bless me with Thy smile;
And when this short life is past,
May I rest with Thee at last.

Then to Thee I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long;
This my joy forever be,
God Almighty cares for me.

95

AROUND the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,—
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,—
Singing, "Glory, glory, glory be to God
on high!"

In flowing robes of spotless white
See every one arrayed,
Dwelling in everlasting light,
And joys that never fade.
Singing, Glory, glory, &c.

What brought them to that world above,
That heaven so bright and fair,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love;
How came those children there?
Singing, Glory, glory, &c.

Because the Saviour shed His blood
To wash away their sin;
Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
Behold them white and clean!
Singing, Glory, glory, &c.

On earth they sought the Saviour's grace,
On earth they loved His name;
So now they see His blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb.—
Singing, Glory, glory, &c.

96

JESUS CHRIST, my Lord and Saviour,
Once became a child like me;
O that in my whole behavior,
He my pattern still might be.
9*

All my nature is unholy,
Pride and passion dwell within;
But the Lord was meek and lowly,
And was never known to sin.

While I'm often vainly trying
Some new pleasure to possess;
He was always self-denying,
Patient in His worst distress.

Lord, assist a feeble creature;
Guide me by Thy word of truth;
Condescend to be my teacher,
Through my childhood and my youth.

97

I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard Him speak.

I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met His Father there.

I want to be like Jesus,
I never, never find
That He, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.

I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said:
"She hath done what she could."

Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour! send Thy grace,
And make me like to Thee.

98

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books or works, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past;
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

99

LORD I would own Thy tender care,
And all Thy love to me;
The food I eat, the clothes I wear,
Are all bestowed by Thee.

And Thou preservest me from death,
And danger, every hour;
I cannot draw another breath,
Unless Thou give the power.

My health, and friends, and parents dear,
To me by God are given;
I have not any blessings here,
But what are sent from heaven.

Such goodness, Lord, and constant care,
A child can ne'er repay;
But may it be my daily prayer,
To love Thee and obey.

100

TO do to others as I would
That they should do to me;
Will make me honest, kind and good,
As children ought to be.

I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see;
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite,
To strike an angry blow;
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.

But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be;
As I am very glad indeed,
When they are kind to me.

101

OH what can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try
To help the poor in misery;
Such grace to ours be given.

Oh what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say;
Such grace to ours be given.

Oh what can little eyes do
To please the King of heaven?
The little eyes can upward look,
Can learn to read God's holy book;
Such grace to ours be given.

Oh what can little hearts do
To please the King of heaven?
The hearts if God His Spirit send
Can love and trust their Saviour Friend;
Such grace to ours be given.

Though small is all that we can do
To please the King of heaven;
When hearts and hands and lips unite
To serve the Saviour with delight,
They are most precious in His sight;
Such grace to ours be given.

102

WHEN I look up to yonder sky,
So pure, so bright, so wondrous high,
I think of One I cannot see,
But One who sees and cares for me.

His name is God ! He gave me birth,
And every living thing on earth ;
And every tree and plant that grows,
To the same Hand its being owes.

'Tis He my daily food supplies,
And all that I require besides ;
And when I close my slumbering eye,
I sleep in peace, for He is nigh.

Then surely I should ever love
This gracious God who reigns above ;
For very kind indeed is He,
To love a little child like me.

• 103

1. THOU shalt have no more gods but Me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee,
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath day profane ;
5. Give both thy parents honor due ;

6. Take heed that thou no murder do ;
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean ;
8. Nor steal though thou art poor and mean ;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it ;
10. What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.

104

LET love through all my actions run,
And all my words be mild ;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb ;
And as in age He grew,
He grew in favor both with man
And God His Father too.

Now, Lord of all, He reigns above,
And from His heavenly throne,
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for His own.

105

GREAT God and wilt Thou condescend
To be my father and my friend ?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky !

Art Thou my father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer;
Or stoop to listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art Thou my father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a friend;
And only wish to do and be,
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

106

INTO her chamber went
A little maid one day;
And by a chair she knelt,
And thus began to pray;
"Jesus my eyes I close,

Thy form I cannot see ;
If Thou art near me, Lord,
I pray Thee speak to me."
A still small voice she heard within her soul ;
"What is it, child ? I hear thee, tell Me all."

"I pray Thee, Lord," she said,
"That Thou wilt condescend
To tarry in my heart,
And ever be my friend.
The path of life looks dark—
I would not go astray,
Oh ! let me have Thy hand
To lead me in the way."
"Fear not, I will not leave thee, child alone."
She thought she felt a soft hand press her own.

"They tell me, Lord, that all
The living pass away,
The aged soon must die,
And even children may.
Oh ! let my parents live
Till I a woman grow,
For if they die, what can
A little orphan do ?"
"Fear not my child, whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home."

Her little prayer was said,
And from her chamber now
She passed forth with the light
Of heaven upon her brow.
"Mother, I've seen the Lord,

His hand in mine I felt,
And oh, I heard Him say,
As by my chair I knelt,
'Fear not my child, whatever ills may come,
I'll not forsake thee till I bring thee home.'"

107

A GIDDY lamb one afternoon
Had from the fold departed;
The tender shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken hearted.
Not all the flock that shared his love,
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way
In sorrow till he found it;
And when he saw it fainting lie,
He clasped his arms around it.
Then, safely folded to his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He brought it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The little ones who fear Him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near Him.

Bless while they live, and when they die,
When flesh and spirit sever,
Conduct them to His throne on high,
To dwell with Him forever.

108

HE caused the deaf His voice to hear,
The dumb proclaimed their Saviour near.
The blind rejoiced to have their sight,
And the lame leaped with great delight.
Diseases at His bidding fled,
And life revisited the dead.
He bade the raging tempest flee;
He calmly walked upon the sea;
And wondering multitudes He fed
With a few fish and loaves of bread.
By His own power He left the grave
To which He stooped our souls to save;
And numerous witnesses record
The resurrection of our Lord.

Part Second.

MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

109

I KNEW a sickly little child,
The long, long summer's day,
When all the world was green and bright,
Alone in bed he lay :
There used to come a little dove,
Before his window small,
And sing to him with her sweet voice,
Out of the fir tree tall.

And when the sick child better grew,
And he could crawl along,
Close to that window he would creep,
And listen to her song ;
And he was gentle in his speech,
And quiet at his play,
He would not for the world have made
That sweet bird fly away.

There is a Holy Dove that sings
To every Christian child,
That whispers to his little heart,
A song more sweet and mild,
It is the Holy Spirit of God,
That speaks to his soul within,
That leads him on to all things good,
And holds him back from sin.

And he must hear that still small Voice,
Nor tempt it to depart,
The Spirit great and wonderful,
That whispers to his heart ;
He must be pure, and good, and true,
Must strive, and watch, and pray,
For unresisted, sin at last,
Will drive that Dove away.

110

'T IS sweet to work for Jesus,
In this life's little day ;
To spread around "the joyful sound,"
As those forgiven may ;
To tell His loving kindness,
His promises so true ;
To urge the young that they may come,
And trust this Saviour too.

'T is sweet to work for Jesus,
For Him who loved, and gave
Himself for us, an offering thus
Our ruined souls to save.
Glad service we *would* render
For grace so rich and free;
Yet, Lord, we mourn, that we have borne
So little fruit to Thee.

'T is sweet to work for Jesus,
Be this our one desire,
Our purpose still, to do His will,
Whatever He require.
No action is too lowly,
No work of love too small;
If Christ but lead, we may, indeed,
Well follow such a call.

'T is sweet to work for Jesus,
While our weak spirits rest
In His own care, safe sheltered there,
And with His presence blest.
In such calm, happy moments,
No greater joy we know;
Redeemed from sin, we live for Him
To whom our all we owe.

'T is sweet to work for Jesus—
Oh! weary not of this,
But onward press with cheerfulness,
Though rough the pathway is.

Hold on, unmoved and patient,
Till He shall call thee home,
With joy to stand at God's right hand,
To serve before the throne.

111

"WILL you come with me, my pretty one?"
I asked a little child,
"Will you come with me and gather flowers?"
She looked at me and smiled.
Then, in a low, sweet, gentle voice,
She said, "I cannot come,
I must not leave this narrow path,
For I am going home."

"But will you not?" I asked again,
"The sun is shining bright,
And you might twine a lily-wreath
To carry home at night;
And I could show you pleasant things
If you would only come:"
But still she answered as before,—
"No; I am going home."

"But look, my child: the fields are green,
And 'neath the leafy trees
Children are playing merrily,
Or resting at their ease.

Does it not hurt your tender feet
This stony path to tread?"
"Sometimes; but I am going home!"
Once more she sweetly said.

"My Father bade me keep this path,
Nor ever turn aside;
The road which leads away from Him
Is very smooth and wide;
The fields are fresh, and cool, and green,
Pleasant the shady trees;
But those around my own dear home
Are lovelier far than these.

"I must not loiter on the road,
For I have far to go;
And I should like to reach the door
Before the sun is low.
I must not stay; but will you not—
Oh, will you not—come too?
My home is very beautiful,
And there is room for you."

I took her little hand in mine:
Together we went on;
Brighter and brighter o'er our path
The blessed sunbeams shone.
At length we saw the distant towers;
But, ere we reached the gate,
The child outstripped my lingering feet,—
Too overjoyed to wait.

And, as she turned her radiant face
Once more to bid me come,
I heard a chorus of glad songs,—
A burst of "Welcome Home!"

112

WE were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep,
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'T is a fearful thing in winter,
To be shattered in the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast."

So we shuddered there in silence,
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring,
And the breakers talked with death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy in his prayers,—
"We are lost!" the captain shouted,
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Is n't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
Where the morn was shining clear.

113

HAVE pity on them ! for their life
Is full of grief and care ;
Ye do not know one half the woes
The very poor must bear ;
You do not see the silent tears
By many a mother shed,
As childhood offers up the prayer,
“ Give us our daily bread.”

And sick at heart she turns away
From the small face, wan with pain,
And feels that prayer has long been said
By those young lips in vain.
You do not see the pallid cheeks
Of those whose years are few,
But who are old in all the griefs
The poor must struggle through.

Deal gently with these wretched ones,
Whatever wrought their woe,
For the poor have much to tempt and test
That you can never know.

Then judge them not, for hard indeed
Is their dark lot of care ;
Let heaven condemn, but human hearts
With human faults should bear.

114

THE curling waves with awful roar,
A little bark assailed ;
And pallid fear's distracted power,
O'er all on board prevailed,

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm ;
And cheerful, with composure, smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My father's at the helm!"

So when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helper gone ;
We still have one true anchor left,
God helps, and He alone.

Then turn to Him 'mid sorrows wild
When wants and woes o'erwhelm;
Remembering, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

115

IN the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail—
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy courage depart,
“Look aloft” and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe.
Should betray thee,—when sorrows like clouds are
array'd,
“Look aloft” to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft” to the Sun that is never to set.

And oh! when death comes in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past;
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, “Look aloft” and depart.

116

THY neighbor? It is he whom thou
Hast power to aid and bless,
Whose aching heart or twining brow,
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'T is the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim,
Whom hunger sends from door to door;—
Go thou, and succor him.

Thy neighbor? 'T is that weary man,
Oppressed in every limb,
Bent low with sickness, age, and pain:—
Go thou, and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? 'T is the heart bereft
Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left:—
Go thou, and shelter him.

Thy neighbor? Yonder toiling slave,
Fettered in thought and limb,
Whose hopes are all beyond the grave,—
Go thou, and ransom him.

Where'er thou meet'st a human form,
Less favored than thine own,
Remember 't is thy neighbor worm,
Thy brother, or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
The breaking heart from misery :
Go share thy lot with him.

117

DEAL gently with the erring one,
You may not know the power
With which the first temptation came
In some unguarded hour.
You may not know how earnestly
He struggled—or how well ;
Until the hour of weakness came,
And sadly thus he fell.

Speak gently to the erring one,
Oh ! do not thou forget,
However deeply stained with sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring one,
For is it not enough,
That peace and innocence are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
Oh sure it is a weary lot,
That sin crushed heart to bear;
And they who have a happier lot,
May well their chidings spare.

Speak gently to the erring one,
And thou may'st lead him back,
With holy words and looks of love,
From misery's thorny track.
Forget not, too, that thou hast sinned,
And sinful yet may be,
Deal gently with the erring one,
As God has dealt with thee.

118

SPEAK gently, it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently! let not harsh words mar
The good we might do here.

Speak gently to the little child,
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild,
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'T is full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
The sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor,
Let no harsh tones be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They may have toil'd in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh! win them back again.

Speak gently; 't is a little thing
Dropp'd in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy which it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

119

BE kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Alike may be gone!
Then 'midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earn'd
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned.

When day hath departed,
And memory keeps
Her watch, broken-hearted,
Where all she loves sleeps—
Let falsehood assail not,
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those we love.

Nor change with to-morrow,
Should fortune take wing;
But deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
Oh! be kind to each other,
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Alike may be gone!

120

A POOR way-faring man of grief,
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer "Nay."
I had not power to ask His name,
Whither He went, or whence He came;
Yet there was something in His eye
That won my love,—I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered, not a word He spake,
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave Him all; He blessed it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again.
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied Him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; His strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked His thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream He drained my cup,
Dipped and returned it running o'er;—
I drank and never thirsted more.

Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found Him by the highway side ;
I roused His pulse, brought back His breath,
Revived His spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; He was healed.
I had, myself, a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw Him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored Him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for Him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried " I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise ;
The tokens in His hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before mine eyes.
He spake ; and my poor name He named—
" Of Me thou hast not been ashamed ;
These deeds shall thy memorial be ;
Fear not ! thou didst them unto Me."

121

IN the silent midnight watches,
List—thy bosom-door!
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh,
Knocketh evermore!
Say not 't is thy pulse 's beating,
'T is thy heart of sin;
'T is thy Saviour knocks and crieth
Rise, and let Me in

Death comes down with reckless footstep
To the hall and hut;
Think you death will stand a-knocking
Where the door is shut?
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;
But thy door is fast!
Grieved, away thy Saviour goeth;
Death breaks in at last.

Then 't is thine to stand entreating
Christ to let thee in;
At the gate of heaven beating,
Waiting for thy sin.
Nay alas! thou foolish virgin,
Hast thou then forgot,
Jesus waited long to know thee,
But He knows thee not!

122

IN GENESIS the world was made
 By God's creative hand;
 In EXODUS the Hebrews marched
 To gain the Promised Land;
 LEVITICUS contains the law,
 Holy, and just, and good.
 NUMBERS records the tribes enroll'd—
 All sons of Abraham's blood.
 Moses in DEUTERONOMY,
 Records God's mighty deeds.
 Brave JOSHUA into Canaan's land
 The host of Israel leads.
 In JUDGES their rebellion oft
 Provokes the Lord to smite,
 But RUTH records the faith of one
 Well pleasing in His sight.
 In First and Second SAMUEL
 Of Jesse's son we read. — *King David*
 Ten Tribes in First and Second KINGS
 Revolted from his seed.
 The First and Second CHRONICLES,
 See Judah captive made;
 But EZRA leads a remnant back
 By princely Cyrus' aid.
 The city walls of Zion
 NEHEMIAH builds again,
 Whilst ESTHER saves her people
 From plots of wicked men.
 In JOB we read how faith will live
 Beneath affliction's rod,

And DAVID'S PSALMS are precious songs
To every child of God.
The PROVERBS like a goodly string
Of choicest pearls appear.
ECCLESIASTES teaches man
How vain are all things here.
The mystic song of SOLOMON
Exalts sweet Sharon's Rose;
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King
The "rapt ISAIAH" shows.
The warning JEREMIAH—
Apostate Israel scorns;
His plaintive LAMENTATIONS
Their awful downfall' mourns.
EZEKIEL tells in wondrous words
Of dazzling mysteries;
Whilst kings and empires yet to come,
DANIEL in vision sees.
Of judgment and of mercy,
HOSEA loves to tell:
JOEL describes the blessed days
When God with man shall dwell.
Among Tekoa's herdsmen
AMOS received his call:
Whilst OBADIAH prophesies
Of Edom's final fall.
JONAH enshrines a wondrous type
Of Christ our risen Lord;
MICAHA pronounces Judah lost—
Lost, but again restored;
NAHUM declares on Nineveh
Just judgment shall be poured.
A view of Chaldea's coming doom
HABAKKUK'S visions give;

Next ZEPHANIAH warns the Jews
To turn, repent, and live.
HAGGAI wrote to those who saw
The Temple built again,
And ZECHARIAH prophesied
Of Christ's triumphant reign.
MALACHI was the last who touch'd
The high prophetic chord;
Its final notes sublimely shew
The coming of the Lord.

MATTHEW and MARK, and LUKE and JOHN,
The Holy Gospels wrote,
Describing how the Saviour died—
His life—and all He taught.
ACTS prove how God the Apostles owned
With signs in every place:
St. Paul, in ROMANS, teaches us
How man is saved by grace.
The Apostle, in CORINTHIANS,
Instructs, exhorts, reproves:
GALATIANS shows that faith in Christ
Alone the Father loves.
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell
What Christians ought to be:
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God
And for eternity.
In THESSALONIANS we are taught
The Lord will come from heaven:
In TIMOTHY and TITUS
A bishop's rule is given.
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love,
Which only Christians know:

HEBREWS reveals the Gospel
 Prefigured by the law.
 JAMES teaches without holiness
 Faith is but vain and dead :
 And PETER points the narrow way
 In which the Saints are led.
 JOHN in his three Epistles
 On love delights to dwell :
 And JUDE gives awful warning
 Of judgment, wrath, and hell.
 The REVELATION prophesies
 Of that tremendous day,
 When CHRIST—and CHRIST alone shall be
 The trembling sinners' stay.

123

" I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
 Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
 Mother ! oh where is that radiant shore ?
 Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
 Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
 And the fireflies dance on the myrtle boughs ?"
 " Not there, not there, my child !"

" Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
 And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
 Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
 Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
 And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
 Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
 " Not there, not there, my child !"

“Is it far away, in some region old,
Where rivers wander o’er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?
Is it there sweet mother, that better land?”

“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Eye hath not seen it my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time hath not breathed on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!”

124

SUPPOSE the little cowslip
Should hang its golden cup,
And say “I’m such a tiny flower
I’d better not grow up!”
How many a weary traveller
Would miss its fragrant smell,
How many a little child would grieve
To lose it from the dell!

Suppose the glistening dew-drop
Upon the grass should say,
“What can a little dew-drop do?
I’d better roll away!”

The blade on which it rested,
Before the day was done,
Without a drop to moisten it,
Would wither in the sun.

Suppose the little breezes,
Upon a summer's day,
Should think themselves too small to cool
The traveller on his way ;
Who would miss the smallest
And softest ones that blow,
And think they made a great mistake,
If they were talking so !

How many deeds of kindness
A little child may do,
Although it has so little strength,
And little wisdom too.
It wants a loving spirit,
Much more than strength, to prove,
How many things a child may do
For others by his love.

125

NEVER stand in idleness
In a world like ours ;
Looking on while others toil,
Heedless of thy powers.

While thou hast a heart to feel
Sympathy and love,
And thy voice can lift a prayer
To the Lord above ;

Say not thou hast naught to give,
Naught to call thine own;
Life's best pleasures do not spring
From one source alone.

'T was the widow's mite which called
Blessings from the Lord;
Not the lavish treasure thrown
From the rich man's hoard.

Give the weak a helping hand;
Nerve him by thy might;
Gently lead the erring one
Back to paths of right.

With the mourner shed a tear,
Smile thou with the gay;
Help the weary bear his load;
Cheer his lonely way.

Ne'er be idle, when thy hand
Hath the power to bless;
Nor be silent when thy voice
Might console distress.

Follow in thy Master's steps—
Tread the path He trod;
Ever with untiring zeal
Working for thy God.

126

'T IS not in temples made with hands,
The great Creator dwells,
But on the mountain-top He stands,
And in the lowly dells;
Wherever fervent prayer is heard,
He stands, recording every word;
In dell, on mountain, every where,
He never fails to answer prayer.

Yes—in the poor man's lowly stall,
And in the prisoners' cells,
And in the rich man's lordly hall,
The great Creator dwells;
Where two or three are joined in prayer,
His Audience Hall, His House is there.
Wherever prays the child of grace,
Is His peculiar dwelling place.

Think you that temples built of stone,
And blessed by priestly hand,
Are more peculiarly His own,
More reverence demand?
Go to thy closet—shut the door,
And all thy mercies ponder o'er,
Thine all-pervading God is there:
He loves to answer secret prayer.

The temple thy Creator owns,
That temple is the heart;
No towering piles of costly stones,
Nor any work of art,—
The cloud-capt spire, that points on high,
May draw lightning from the sky,
But 't is the humble, modest flower,
That drinketh the refreshing shower;
And in return for favors given,
It breathes its fragrance back to heaven.

127

I WAS a wandering sheep;
I did not love the fold,
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,
I would not be controlled.
I was a wayward child,
I did not love my home,
I did not love my Father's voice,
I loved afar to roam.

The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
They found me nigh to death,
Famished and faint, and lone;
They bound me with the bonds of love,
They saved the wandering one!

They spoke in tender love,
They raised my drooping head,
They gently closed my bleeding wounds,
My fainting soul they fed.
They washed my filth away,
They made me clean and fair,
They brought me to my home in peace,
The long-sought wanderer.

Jesus my Shepherd is!
'T was He that loved my soul,
'T was He that washed me in His blood,
'T was He that made me whole.
'T was He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'T was He that brought me to the fold,
'T is He that still doth keep.

I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice,
I love, I love the fold!
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love His home!

Psalm 134

128

WHY thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattained and dim,
While the beautiful, all around thee lying,
Offers up its low perpetual hymn.

Would'st thou listen to its gentle teaching,
All thy restless yearnings it would still;
Leaf and flower and laden bee are preaching
Thine own sphere, though humble, first to fill.

Poor indeed thou must be, if around thee
Thou no ray of light and joy canst throw—
If no silken cord of love hath bound thee
To some little world of weal and woe.

If no dear eyes thy fond love can brighten—
No fond voices answer to thine own;
If no brother's sorrow thou canst lighten,
By daily sympathy and gentle tone.

Not by deeds that win the crowd's applauses,
Not by works that give thee world renown,
Not by martyrdom or vaunted crosses,
Canst thou win and wear the immortal crown.

Daily struggling, though unloved and lonely,
Every day a rich reward will give;
Thou wilt find, by hearty striving only,
And truly loving, thou canst truly live.

129

THOUGH glorious, O God, must Thy temple have
been

On the day of its first dedication,
When the cherubim wings widely waving were seen
On high o'er the ark's holy station ;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd
To minister standing before Thee,
Retired from the cloud which Thy temple then fill'd,
And Thy glory made Israel adore Thee ;

Though awful indeed was Thy majesty then ;
Yet the worship thy gospel discloses,
Less splendid in show to the vision of men,
Surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual forever repeal'd,
But by Him unto whom it was given
To enter the oracle where is reveal'd,
Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven ?

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us the way,
O Lord, how to worship before Thee ;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore Thee.

This, this is the worship Messiah made known,
When she of Samaria found Him,
By the patriarch's well sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noontide around Him.

"Woman believe me, the hour is near,
When He, if you rightly would hail Him,
Will neither be worshipp'd exclusively here.
Nor yet at the altar of Salem.

"For God is a Spirit! and they who ~~delight~~ *right*
Would do the pure worship He loveth
In the heart's holy temple, will seek with delight
That spirit the Father approveth."

And many that prophecy's truth can declare,
Whose bosoms have livingly known it;
Whom God has instructed to worship Him there,
And convinced that His mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to His name,
Exists but in name and in story;
Extinguish'd long since is that altar's bright flame,
And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom Divine,
Though all human fabrics may falter,
Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine,
Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar.

130

THERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.

At early dawn there's not a gale
Across the landscape driven,
And not a breeze that sweeps the vale,
That is not sent by heaven.

There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.

There's not a tempest, dark and dread,
Or storm that rends the air,
Or blast that sweeps the ocean's bed,
But God's own voice is there.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays His boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

131

ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One loved scholar's voice has fled
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

Why should we feel thoughts of sadness?
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.

She has gone to heaven before us,
But she turns and waves her hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

Lord, may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free—
May they guard, and guide and love us,
Till, like her, we go to Thee.

132

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door!
He gently knocks—has knocked before—
Has waited long—is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

Oh lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and open hands!
Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes!

But will He prove a friend indeed?
He will;—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners; yes, 't is He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Admit Him ere His anger burn;
Lest He depart, and ne'er return;
Admit Him, or the hour's at hand,
When, at His door, denied you'll stand.

133

KIND words can never die:
Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile, they fly
All o'er the earth.
Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught,—
Sweet melodies of thought!
Who knows their worth?

Kind deeds can never die :
Though weak and small,
From His bright throne on high
God sees them all :
He doth reward with love,
All those that faithful prove ;
Round them where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.

God's word can never die :
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny,—
Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure ;
His promises are sure ;
Trust Him, and rest secure
Heaven you shall gain.

Our souls can never die :
God's word we trust ;
He to our bodies said,
"Dust unto dust."
Saviour, our souls prepare,
Thy happy home to share,
Us to Thy mansions bear
When life is past.

134

LET us love one another. Not long may we stay
In this brief world of mourning, so brief is life's day ;
Some fade ere 't is noon, and few linger till eve ;
Oh, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to
grieve.

And the fondest, the purest, the truest, that met,
Ever still found the need to forgive and forget;
Then, oh, though the hopes that we nourish'd decay,
Let us love one another as long as we may.

Thus we'll love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,
Unalter'd and fond as we loved at the first:
Though the false wing of pleasure may change and
forsake,
And the bright urn of wealth into particles break.

There are some sweet affections that earth cannot
buy,
That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,
And remain with us yet though all else pass away:
Yes, we'll love one another as long as we stay.

135

O TURN that little foot aside,
Nor crush beneath its tread
The smallest insect of the earth,
Which has from God its bread.

If He who made the universe
Looks down in kindest love,
To shape an humble thing like this,
From His high throne above,

Thou shouldst not dare in wontonness
That creature's life destroy,
Nor give a pang to any thing
That He has made for joy.

My child, begin in little things
To act the gentle part;
For God will turn His love away
From the cruel, selfish heart.

136

OH stay not thy hands when the winter winds rude,
Blow cold through the dwelling of want and despair,
To ask if misfortune has come to the good,
Or if folly has wrought the wreck that is there.

When the heart-stricken wanderer asks thee for bread,
In suffering he bows to necessity's laws;
When the wife moans in sadness, the children unfed,
The cup must be bitter—oh ask not the cause.

When the Saviour of men raised His finger to heal,
Did He ask if the sufferer were Gentile or Jew?
When the thousands were fed with the bountiful meal,
Did He give it alone to the faithful and few?

O scan not too closely the frailties of those
Whose bosoms may bleed on a cold winter's day,
But give to the friendless who tells thee his woes,
And from Him that would borrow, O turn not
away!

137

BEYOND this life of hopes and fears,
Beyond this world of griefs and tears,
There is a region fair.
It knows no change, and no decay,
No night, but one unending day;
O say, will you be there?

Its glorious gates are closed to sin,
Naught that defiles can enter in,
To mar its beauty rare.
Upon that bright, eternal shore,
Earth's bitter curse is known no more;
O say, will you be there?

No drooping form, no tearful eye,
No hoary head, no weary sigh;
No pain, no grief, no care;
But joys which mortals may not know,
Like a calm river ever flow;
O say, will you be there?

Our Saviour, once a mortal child,
As mortal man, by man reviled,
There many crowns doth wear.
While thousand thousands swell the strain
Of glory, to the Lamb once slain!
O say, will you be there?

Who shall be there? The lowly here,
All those who serve the Lord in fear,
The world's proud mockery dare!
Who by the Holy Spirit led,
Rejoice the narrow path to tread;—
These, these shall all be there!

Those who have learned at Jesus' cross
All earthly gain to count but loss,
So that His love they share,
Who, gazing on the Crucified,
By faith can say, "For me He died."
These, these, shall all be there.

138

I SAW a little blade of grass,
Just peeping from the sod,
And asked it why it sought to pass
Beyond its present clod.

It seemed to raise its tiny head,
All sparkling, fresh and bright;
And wondering at the question, said
"I rise to seek the light."

I asked the eagle why his wing
To ceaseless flight was given,
As if he spurned each earthly thing,
And knew no home but heaven?

He answered, as he fixed his gaze,
Undazzled at the sight,
Upon the sun's meridian blaze,
"I rise to seek the light."

I asked my soul, what means this thirst,
For something yet beyond;
What means this eagerness to burst
From every earthly bond?

It answers, and I feel it glow,
With fires more warm, more bright,
"All is too dull, too dark below,
I rise to seek the light."

139

HARK ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Ten now strikes on the nightly bell ;
Ten are the holy commandments, given
To man below from God in heaven.

Human watch from harm can't ward us,
God will watch, and God will guard us,
He, through His eternal might,
Grant us all a blessed night.

Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Eleven sounds on the nightly bell ;
Eleven apostles of holy mind
Taught the gospel to mankind.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Twelve resounds from the nightly bell ;
Twelve disciples to Jesus came
Who suffered rebuke for the Saviour's name.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
One has pealed on the nightly bell ;
One God above, one Lord indeed,
Who bears us up in hour of need.

Human watch, &c.

Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Two now rings from the nightly bell ;
Two paths before mankind are free :
Neighbor ! choose the best for thee.
Human watch, &c.

Hark ! ye neighbors, and hear me tell,
Three now sounds on the nightly bell ;
Three-fold reigns the heavenly host,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
Human watch, &c.

140

NOW I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take,
And this I ask for Jesus sake.

141

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

142

IN Thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at Thy feet;
O pour Thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet.

We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
Now make our hearts rejoice.

143

ONCE more before we part,
Oh bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

Lord in Thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We meet in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

Thus nurtured by Thy word,
May each in wisdom grow,
(And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.)

144

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Adam's race,—
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him, who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

145

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow!
Praise Him all creatures here below!
Praise Him above ye heavenly host!
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

THE END.

American	1866	<div style="border-left: 1px solid black; padding-left: 5px;"> 22 2 29 </div>
Hymns	43, 62, 137	
Romans	12th	
Isiah	5-3 "	

4 verses of
the 138 Psalm.

Sunday June 4

86 years 127

86 years 69

2126.00.

Frederick

How many Jewish
temples were built
at Jerusalem? by
whom? and at what
times

Who were the Herodians?

Matt 7. 1-14

How long was our
Saviour on earth
between his resurrection
and ascension to

Heaven? Luke 7. 1-13

Matthew 110-20

Psalm 110-20

Luke 7. 35-40

110-20 Matthew 110-20

Written May 1910

Ch

...many times has
the City of Jerusalem
captured and captured
1000-1500

...some of the ...
...for ...
... 1000-1500

... 32 - 44
... 1000-1500

... 1-28 1143

What is the meaning
of Bethlehem? and
for what is that city
famous? Luke 2: 16 and

St. John 5: 1-23. Hymn

What incidents are men-
tioned in the Bible con-
nected with the roofs of
Lancaster

What source was pro-
nounced on Tuesday?

St. John 5: 23 to the end

Luke 6: 1-19.

What does the Bible say
of the influence of
music? Hymn

Matth 5: 1-28 Hymn

Matth 5: 18

